GLC 67
Hewitt

Journal, August [1993?]

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Journal

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The letter

I sit in my local cafe
drinking coffee and watching
an Oriental woman eat fish and chips.
She holds her knife and fork European style,
cutting the fish into small rectangular pieces
~~and~~ placing each piece methodically into her thin
red mouth, and masticating it with
small sharp teeth. She is not enjoying her meal.
She eats because she must.
I notice her reading ring
for she has henna'd her hair a brown.
She could not be bothered to cook at home.
She is waiting for a friend or a lover,
but a girl from the office
Maybe now you're opening my letter
~~saying goodbye for ever~~ ending our relationship
I hoped it would make you cry,
but I guess you simply laugh,
thinking you've had an affair to T.V.
You put the letter aside and read it calmly
to Mum to your stepdad tomorrow.
The woman puts down her knife and fork
the plate is empty. She rises and pays the
bill at the counter. She is lonely
tonight, but unlike me, she has a man
coming back, a home to go to.
I get back to my room.
There's a sweet message from you.

Drakes from yesterday.
no sweet words
that I forget Yorkies
your hate phrases.
I think of the wine of your kiss
the warmth of your arms,
the gentle touch of your tiny hands.
Oh I see over you.
Thats the trouble with affairs
they have glorious beginnings,
dramatic middles and
long sad endings. Well come baby,
You're just not ready for me.
Voted you T.V.
I'll remember you someday soon.
Will be my whole world
maybe even get sentimental,
even be jealous.

8/19. Met Allan at cafe & [illegible] Talked about miles scenes in Mont Marte just seen. Allan arranges to meet me at a Reading reading along with his wife. Felt elated that he wanted to see me. Felt surge of love for him restrained. Hope rose of future potential friendship. Began to plan strategy of reading. If I needed help to get to toilet — could run or maybe have to ask him in toilet — We'll talk plan of future dates over quarter year etc.

8/20. Found out reading was cancelled. Had to look for new reading. Sent card to Allan telling him of new reading. Said I could go any week but Monday & Thursday. Would like up to him to contact me. Spoke over phone with Mary Ann SAA Hotel Queen — Asked for organ work Allan back for dates. All this result of yesterday contact thus though thought time had crystallized. Having to rearrange him again now, yesterday doesn't count so much. Still feel we declined for better in romantic sense.

8/21 Went SAA dedans? Was a sex addict admitted I could tell him from love that I have on Allan. Unbelievable made me — really on H.P. hole. I am powerless over

six deductions.

Now Bottom Line

1 No contact W/ Allan
2. No masturbation w/ loving images of Allan;
3 No lurking in places Allan might be. Not.
4 No following Allan
5. Willing to meet him-

Feel much love for him and ache for him. No strong sexual desires for Allan, but I am looking "coolly"

Request to Jack it will take time to let with and go through the process.

Reading 5 AA. books - very helpful. Female chaplain withdrawal.

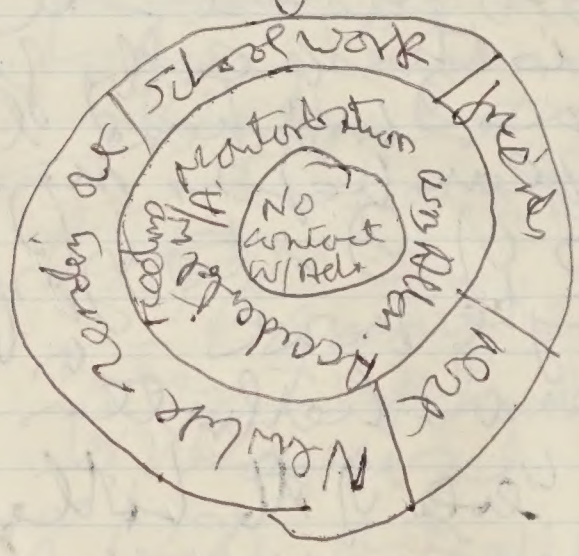
8/24 ached all day. Wish I'd spent it w/ Allan. Or like "time out" for my 90 days sober. Then almost completely forgotten. Thursday (D. Junk) I would have kept a journal of the whole event and felt a response and some sort of [illegible] a big "mistake

seeing him from day to day & at times I feel I love. Talked to E.W. about breaking up - he suggests "amending" the letter and we'll work up design - this reading on the day long observer. Pity more days for more think of me & me days for him. Thanks for the relationship & discovery when I see more objectively - the desire as well as the ups. I miss him terribly & am glad as much as the sex - the physical affection (is this really love the sex?) I suppose I will have to renounce for years before my next relationship (if I do) stay broken up with Allen. Right now - "a bird in the hand" seems better "a bird in the bush" even if the latter might be more beautiful & available with a needle for song.

8/25 Sweet date for dinner - movies & flowers moments, memories & contacts - went to SF - because we met, was date there - heavy nostalgia - was depressed & cut. Should have to keep pen while leaving. Carry to feel

wake-up is right on opposed to Rosy. Theorized that there is a correct rule is best for me. Of course I run the risk of being into him. Feel why I named her in this book can be dangerous i.e. always changing after him, or, rather, idealized memory of him. Has denied about being on SSI & Medicaid. Phone tag w/ will to H.P. for him in getting through this very day.

8/26 Mild headache day. Forgot about plan for an error 2 (welcome time. Projecting with Elizabeth about school. Made phone call about classes creation, Royal etc.



The Weather

The weather today was quite lovely.
70° cloudless blue sky, light breeze
but because it's Sunday
and I have no date with you,
I hate the weather, see everyone
in couples or, I dare say, either coming from,
or going to a ball.
When people laugh I resent
them & I resent them especially
all day; all I have is headache
no boy cries; I have myself —
I am intelligent handsome & am
virginity. But I am alone
and simply because no one is telling me
these things, telling me I am wonderful,
I feel [illegible] at odds with everything.
Friday it rained, I was broke
and I felt great. I didn't need a soul
I had my future before me, my life
stretched out ahead of me
beckoning beckoning.
Come back my love, come back
and [illegible] needs time that no taller
~~so I can enjoy the weather with you.~~
love me for who I am.

Weather

Today the weather is quite lovely
70% clear blue sky, light breeze.
But because I have no date with you,
this Sunday is my enemy.
Everyone is in couples,
or if alone, either coming from,
or going to, a date.
I remember only our happy times
forgetting the days you didn't call
when cried. I have myself to blame

Introduction to Composition: Hewitt: Sections 02 and 03: Sample Outline for Narration Paper.

Example:

Introduction:

It seemed like a nice day. It was cold and cloudy outdoors. I had promised my nephew I would go to his baby shower despite the bad weather forecast. It turns out to be the most frightening day of my life.

When

1. I set out in the car at about four o'clock, it was only raining lightly.
2. The rain turned to sleet then snow all in a few minutes.
3. Soon I could barely see the road in front of me.
4. I was behind a large truck which kept shedding snow from one side of the road to another.
5. Then I made my big mistake and tried to pass the truck.
6. My wheels crashed into the left side of my car and pushed it into a snow drift.
7. I waited in the snow drift for my car for three hours and nearly thirty

degrees.
Started to keep born
in members.

Narration Paper ~~Outline~~ Sample outline

Introduction:

~~Several years~~ One night in January 1990, I had the most terrifying experience of my life. I had been reading about the trip from the beginning.

The Return

It's best to read poetry in the late ~~late~~ Evening
as the long modulation of night comes on-
especially in the fall when we look back
on other falls, and on how we have built
this year: what have we lost? What found?
I lost you and found myself.
I lost postmarked card now, I write it from

What the Moon Said

Frankly, I find the lovers tedious—
They all think they're in love of course;
more of them are simply in lust
and they have the nerve to blame it all on me.
You can be sure the more they make out,
the shorter the affair.
I like the older ones better,
especially the gays:
They've been through so much
just to walk here, hand in hand, in my light.
Look at those two—silver-haired and in
suits who left their wives and children
and hen today are discovering true romance
for the first time.

Then there are the thieves:
I rather like them too
even though of course they curse me loudly,
for my light has botched many a robbery.
I like their passion and daring—
mostly petty criminals—
broken windows, stolen silver, VCR's,
and the occasional work of art.
This I frown on.
I light up the paintings to rob
trying to appeal to their ~~greedy~~ hearts.
Sometimes it works.
I once lit up a Van Gogh

and the thief says in French, "Wow, that's beautiful," climbes back through the mansion window, hung the painting back on the wall

The poets make me laugh.

Some of the young ones actually position themselves by attic windows, light candles and stare mournfully up at me. One drinks a quill pen.

Really, this is 1996! New

They all think they're Keats:

that's a good one. Keats wrote poems on his lecture notes in medical school and spent most of his nights getting drunk and telling dirty jokes to his friends.

The only time he looked up at me was when he was dying, coughing up blood on a couch somewhere in Italy and I smiled down at him as if to say "I've been watching you, waiting, hoping."

Hart Crane not Hart and the drunks careening home, cross-eyed, vomiting on themselves. Singing absurdities.

There are the failed poets,

the failed thieves, the failed lovers.

Many must take pride in their wives or boys and later curse or whip or spank

~~My right can remember~~

I can make sure they get home at least;
tomorrow they might decide to quit.
I can rescue them from potholes,
oncoming cars, muggings even.
Poor fools they often mistake me for their
wife or lover.
They curse me one minute
whisper sweet nothings to me the next.
Well it's getting late for humans and poets
as time I sit behind the nearest cloud;
poets, put down your pens,
thieves your booty,
drunks your bottles,
blow me a kiss,
and remember that you
for reading beauty to your lives would be wise
for everything is lovely
in moonlight though I say a mystery,
and so I pass on,
Shaking my head,
Lighting your way,
Wishing I could save you.

4th Step.

Resentment Person. He/she made/did/said/My part against Father Verbal hurt angry anger came Sexually Helpless out in/dependent/ anxiety/ Fear Rejection/ Hurt/ Shame/ Guilt/ Sadness/ Hurt Rejection/ angry feelings. Left Lonely! Try to talk up Still

Note about Hurt "Crying"

I let
So long as a few friends know, I still have
my little Secret.
I have a witted smile
like Herbert.
I hide it well
Except that's
I know it happens
I say "love"
You left tracks on my heart
I cover them up with
Pancakes —
I get sentimental
Chatting w/ my Extend Network

Mrs Record Reader Lady

Away from
Then found dear our track in
the hedgerow in a lilac cyclo
& eleven. She Mayle in orchard.
the of her own.
I knew them Hedgerow - row
disaster spot.
A whisper set to me whisper.
"Did you then in my garden
"Did you buy in the event? Oh
Are you copy the rain "I write
her up as Mates row Rule or
them Dog" work all this Merlingsel
in my words?
She was right, She declined
voluntarily for peace of mind.
She has her secret.
She Perth dances with her you.
but all the rollers.
Jane as I Row
We words love
but as good as the Births,
Roses are Violet
Do I tell the words?
Well I [illegible] a word a poem
about I'm not as
the Seasons dear our Lady.

Chicken Wings

I eat meat quite carnivorously
without the least thought of the
animals concerned.
Except for chicken wings.
When I'd've little dents in the bones,
the skeleton of the wings resembles
the X-rays of my own prepubescent legs
defiantly ~~grown~~ grown atop Velcro
sneakers. Top and bottom in delicate rebuke
I have to put the wings down,
I can never feel them clean.
I feel guilty.
I adamantly have a craving for chicken (I believe a previous
one of ours lost a wing in a door
or a lawn mower) and a determination
to eat it. I was very picky
as my mother shortly realized
after buying the whole - I was averse
to a chicken staring from the plate
and I politely covered a neighbor's
garden. I held the morsel out provocatively
and waved it around as I emphasized
some point to my mother.
The chicken makes it look
gobbles it up in one angry gulp.
My mother collapsed in a pile of laughter

She reads the book I gave her. My face was priceless. I felt like a camera.
What she doesn't know is that I did a video portrait of her reaction with the camera in my sidekick. The book played her part better than I could. But I wasn't as upset as I had thought I'd be. I didn't like the fact that she signaled to read her book. She needs to read in order to help her grow. She always (comes) something by my father's silence as strength.
I love her speech. She can't order just to tell her parents what's cool. She tells her it. I see with her for any [illegible] I can still of colors as colors who the part. I still [illegible] but laugh.
I still look over for children to come up and help out and hear my reaction. She doesn't need my help now. Father's long gone and she will [illegible]

British Poets
Christopher Hewett
and
Peter McSlay

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Viacom 83:22
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total 00:00

Mike Mullery 1,000:00
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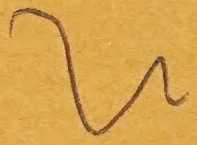

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